



12:13



time

timetravelers

31 1 2

Chapter 1 by Time Travelers

I turned looking out the window behind my seat. The train had now moved onto the enormous gilded bridge. Here was the only connection between Upper and Lower Westa, one of the many reasons a revolution was inconceivable. The bitter waters below were too harsh for any of the manmade boats we had in Lower Westa, and it took 3 days for the supply ships to make the journey. Only now was I truly realizing that I would never see my family or friends ever again. All I had to remember Lower Westa at all was the tiny pocket watch I wore around my neck. The casing around it was pure iridium, with minuscule designs etched into the material. How anyone in my family managed to get their hands on it baffles me. Clocks were very rare in Lower Westa. Too expensive, and not worth the struggle once everyone got good at using the sun. I was beginning to doze off when the train lurched without warning. The glittering golden rays of light were gone, replaced with a rich blue that illuminated the faces of my fellow passengers. Their cheeks and arms looked sunken in, faces frozen with angst. I decided to get up and leave the train before chaos broke out. As I stood the strident sound of metal scraping against metal echoed and the train lurched to the side, causing me to hit my head on the wall. Scrambling to my seat, I pushed myself back up and heard the others cry out. I staggered to the door and

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Chapter 2 by Elena Lace



Well not exactly, you see. Death is but a journey, a new world. This one had grown old, this earth boring. Sure the doctors said I was suicidal but they didn't understand. They "diagnosed" me and gave me pills. Still they were blind.

I was better, more evolutionized.

I was a World Walker

But then again maybe I was insane, maybe I made this story up, maybe just a figment, a last attempt to heal. I'll never know. For now I was

Alone.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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